



Eons In A Moment

Shaun J. Apple

EIAM - 2nd Edition - 2009

A patient of your patience. A timeless moment of time.

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DEDICATION

Dedicated To **Purple Perpendiculars**
“...missing flowers that I have...”

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Of Early Conversations
November 2003
Vieng Kham, Laos

In nearby light of candle spread.
Her expression forward how mid-day butterflies
engage in northern Laos.
Of sun-set
I mention,

*"River poised a streak gold
seen by an onset of soul".*

Peny, nearly rustic from her surroundings,
matured in nature then
before she said,

*"A language hearty for our ideal love
to devise verbatim real to real".*

Her culture a grip of transferable ideas...

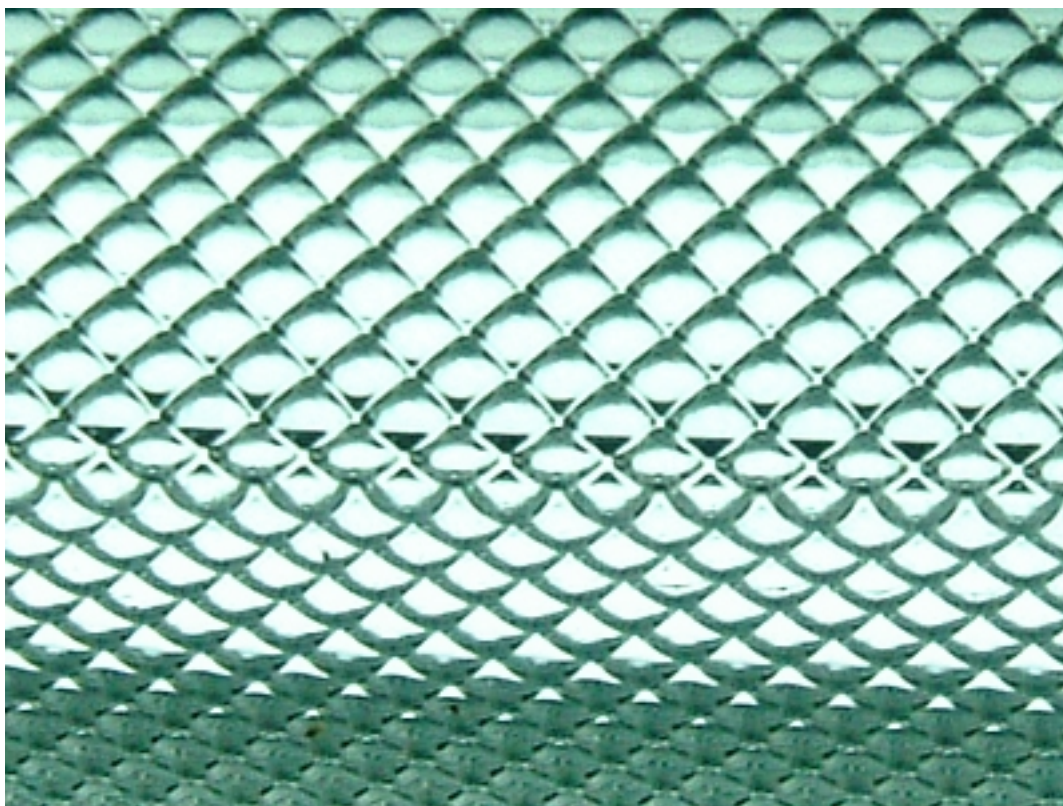


Flat Elevator Girl Rap

October 1999

Daytona Beach, Florida, USA

Vista scene.
Seen beauty sheen.
Washed array of space.
Naked walk the barefoot.
Golden silver prestige.
Good of the continuance.
Dozing off with the serenity of the ocean.
Touching good flesh to stars' put.
Courtied good as energy.
Her hopes for tomorrow,
baroque good of extravagant tranquil tension.
Knowing whom to go as good - notice - ask?
Sleek good until able good rest.
I can do because, "*I am good*".
Hone the genders home as guests.
My baby dying; dread.
Angels must have help.
Cozy as I have ever felt!



Light Flicker

June 2006

Shenzhen, Guangdong, China

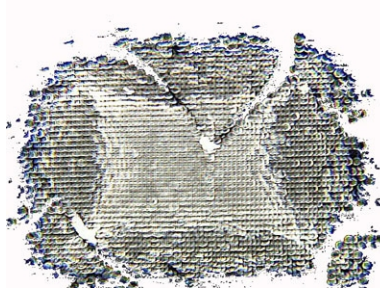
Light flicker.

Flicker knows the time.

Light.

Flicker - Flicker all the time.

I am time.



Felt About Velcro

April 2002

Moab, Utah, USA

Twilight - Dusk.
Scatter rust
upon your eye.
Only to dye
your mind with tears.

How I *felt about Velcro* was this:

Have was to kiss.
Realize how I miss.
Waking up comfortably fastened!



Never Lose Your Change

August 1998
Ocala, Florida, USA

You will be okay.
Sleep love;
then make love wake.
Sleep wake.
To find anew;
because things change.
Alas, change is peacefully knowing;
but tempting what you know by changing.
Change will take you out of a rut.
Though, you may love;
because you will love, your ruts.
Adaption to what you adapt.
Adaption to life one day.
Adaption one day to a life that you did, of did not envision.



Black Sandy Beach

May 2002

Taveuni, The Fiji Islands

Find you like a shell
laying on the sand.
Asking for my hand.
Not necessarily anything I planned.
Wanting to stand!

Black Sandy Beach.
Watch eye contact like time.
Eye like a telescope.
See an entire world with this eye.
Sheen ahead volcano.



Amelia
May 2003
San Francisco, California, USA

I listen to her talk...

Sun issues sense.
Rain is serendipitous.

Eyes listen like consequence,
which gives bid to speak fate.

Every ocean obvious.
Conversation ubiquitous.
Rhythmically brisk.

I set my clock by her walk!



Anna Nadia

June 2003

San Francisco, California, USA

If I would not be in love,
I will dream of it.

Talk to myself
until I see your face.

Scale walls of our city
to resent poor fate.

Grasp my mirror's reflection, honestly,
until vibrant embrace.

Anna Nadia:

Collision of loves
that entered queue.



Peace, Love, Diversity

May 2006

Hanoi, Vietnam

Opt out of traditions.
We can differentiate
and still be in love.
Traditions are out-of-date.

A valley of love
needs trailblazers for love to sea.
Their “traditions” are arcane
acquisitions from forceful Europeans.
Our love is without rule in the present.
Timeless in the best meant
future.
Sincerity.
Society.

Families abound.
We can have our “own life” too.

All traditions were started by
someone a time ago.
Lets begin new traditions everyday
to expand their "*traditional*" minds (*in time*).
Bravery can make society better,
even if bravery is scarce.
Bravery is free.
Bravery is free?

I borrow time from my friends
in order to fall in love with you.
Serendipity can happen anytime.



Milky Way
October 2003
Luang Prabang, Laos

Soul-Mate intuition.
Stir and steer.
Duty stresses the finest tears.
Destiny removed.
Singular star.
Milky Way.



Rice Seedling

May 2006

Ranong, Thailand

Her body is a warm resort.
I am a delivery man for her. [*I think*]
Her love is “chatting”.
Her soul is an illegal pirated copy
of a person’s true love.
I love an illusion, haha.
Is not an illusionary love true then?
I do not know, I know
corners of her eyes.
“So” many wrinkles.
A kid trying to find their way is
like love trying to make a baby.



You Are The Love Permanent

July 1999

Daytona Beach, Florida, USA

In such common sense of gratitude.

I love our latitude.

You are the Love permanent.

We all have distance to grow close.

Open to love - focus - love.

Focus love it is there.

I swear.

I love you.

Open to love.

Blue light of light.

Flash - Flash.



11/4 Dorm
August 2004
Kolkata, West Bengal, India

Singleton, one, calls
a family - "*home*".
A meeting is over,
family is known.
Continues to know...

Close-Knit buttons.
Reels of seems.
Fate may be dreams of - "*of*";
proof of fate;
seems of seems.
"" "" "" "" ""



Zelda's Orgasm

July 1997

Ocala, Florida, USA

"Gentleforth".

Loveless made the love so.
Gentleforth, so gentle - so gentle touch knows.
My individual touches; *Zelda's orgasm*, so.
The real life is the real life.
Zelda's orgasm deposits gold.
So, your credit can break the angry mobs back to a
nil clumsy roar.

Gentlemen - Gentlewomen - *"Gentleunsure"*!
Forever has it gabardine-gaited as forever consequential
sown tight threads.
Let go gentleforth, forbidden lapse; *Zelda's orgasm*.
Ever always-bright continuance.
Zelda's orgasm; gentletouch, vine smite rough.
Familiar love prolix addiction to a love that your life
lives by; skylight touch like a lit-sky Earth.

Loveless made the love go.
Zelda; am intimate; Zelda; bounds infinite.
Curious observer; Curious chord
So, hold observe; you; enormous.



Stephanie | Spliced

March 1997
Ocala, Florida, USA

Stephanie, my near nebula neighbor.
 Stephanie, my close companion.
 Side-by-side; wrapped together.
Stephanie, my due deemed ruby revealed.
 Stephanie lays a world.
 Whomever she concerns.
Lovers are her cinder and return.

Stephanie, my rosy cavern.
 Nearer-by-near; left together.
With my medicine minced; we are lattices linked.
 Stephanie, my tangy phase; series staid.
 My sapphire spout.
 My absolute nuzzle.
 Stephanie lays a world.
 Whomever she concerns.
Lovers are her cinder and return.

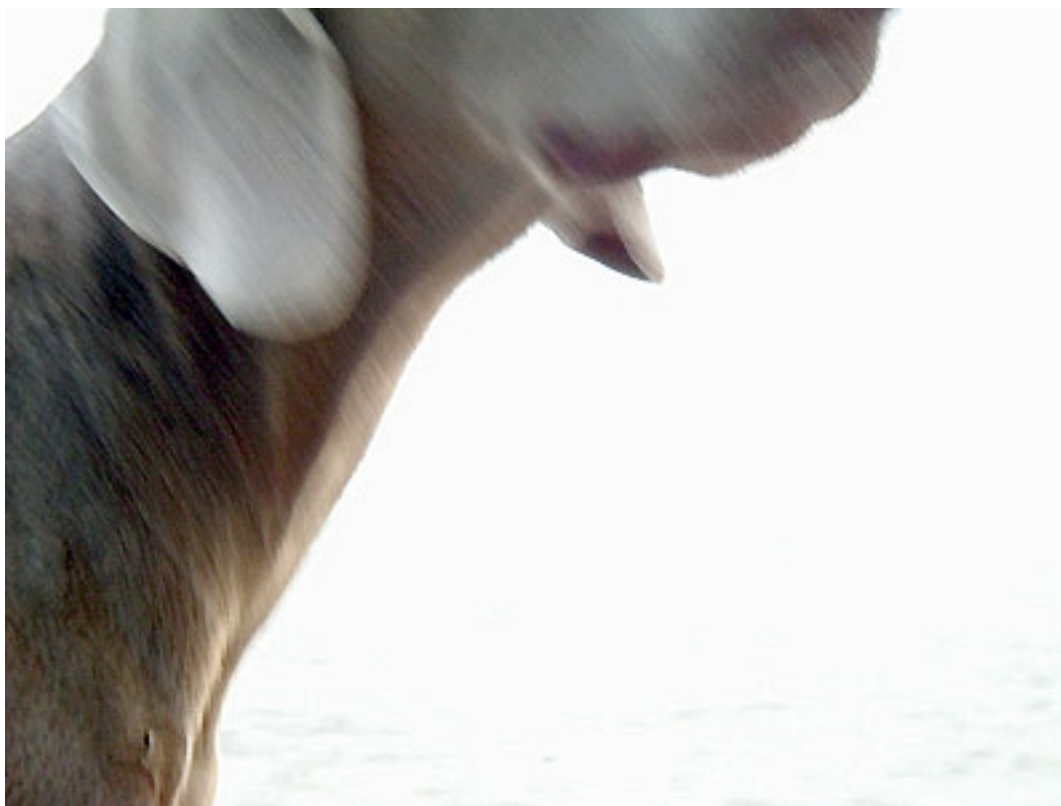


NKY

April 2006

Hua Hin, Thailand

I spent hours walking on
the beach (*starting at the AM*).
Knowing that I would leave
the sea.
Knowing that I would love.
Charity, my last childhood breath.
Running was like a blur (*to my apartment*).
In time with sun-rise; surreal backdrop.
Confident about unknowns
while really naive by balance.
Challenge.
Meaning.
I spent hours talking on
for she.
Knowing that I would leave
for opportunities and things I have never seen.



Kathy Cove
July 1996
Ocala, Florida, USA

Competition in the finest hate,
which is collision of the finest love.
Wandering love wandering.

Kathy.
Splashed me.
With catastrophe!

Kathy blooms.
Anger comes from the confusion
from interacting parts.

Kathy Cove.
Hurt in fusion.

I have always been out in the rain.
It is just at first I did not get wet.



We. Are Of Entrance; We Of, Are Entrance

November 1998
Ocala, Florida, USA

Companion.
Companion of the world.
I am a companion of the world.
Perfect.
“Everything” is perfect,
as itself,
because “everything” is itself.

We are balance.
We are complete.
If you believe and continue to retrieve
balance.
Balance is proportionate.
Balance works.



Cunning Rasp
August 1998
Ocala, Florida, USA

Do consent
announcing beauty.
Do deliberate
liberate compassion.
You do a good job of my rite.
Do deliberate
tassels consent.
Eyes forever country.
Eyes for every world.
The world consents; of
the world concerns; of
course, I love you.
Sometimes by returning,
you go forward; farther.
There are so many forwards; of
course, I love you.
On course with my peace; of
course, I love you:

I feel more of
your heart. The
closer I come,
of course. Of course.



Decisional, Whimsical, Wisdomish

May 2006
Hanoi, Vietnam

Decision came to you
in a muse.
Increase the chance of your life.
Moment please...
Decide with your life.
Within.
Around.
Decisional, Whimsical, Wisdomish.
Momentarily like a curse...
Light dreams, light needs to
feel my muse.
Amuse my pulse.
Know the truth.
Admit the truth.
I need to
give to that which I love!



24/12 12068855

August 2006
Phuket, Thailand

One-of-a-kind
moment.
Which is momentarily
kind of stunning.

Hopeless fate
it is not real.
Fate is full
of faith!
Fateful hope.

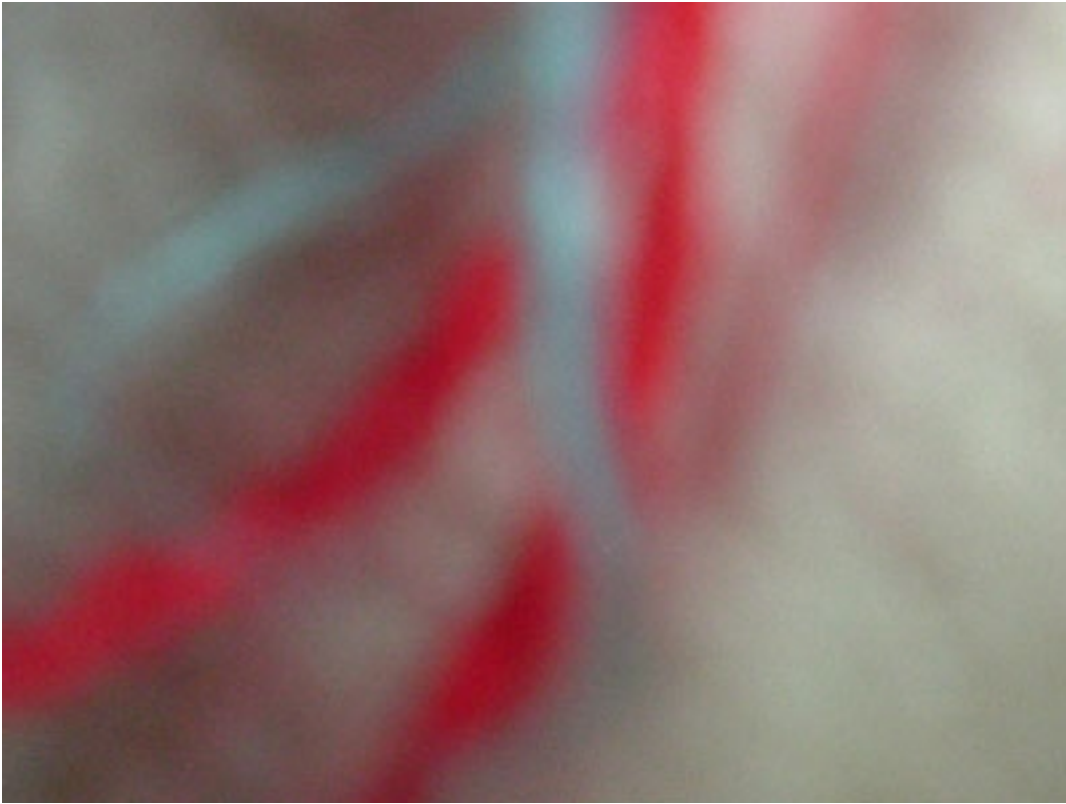
We share
common same differences.
Same - Same...
of dreams.



Lovely Zeal

May 2006
Hanoi, Vietnam

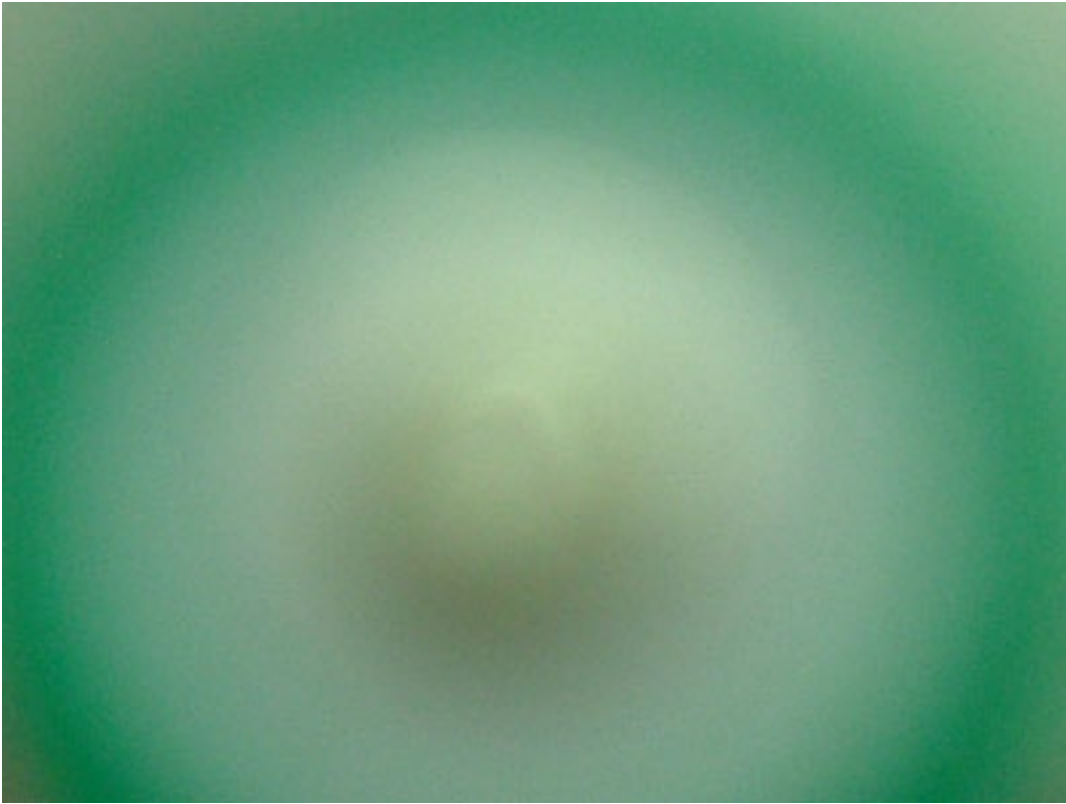
Love always has.
Always has you.
Have your love always.
My own love.
Just like you.
Maybe love is about feeling.
I do not know.
I thought love is about
effort and intelligence?
Hold me here.
Hold me there.



Life Reunion

May 2006
Hanoi, Vietnam

Ten-year reunion of my life.
If after I died
there would be ten-year reunion parties.
At least these would be something
to look forward to.
Alas,
after I die
I can not look forward to any *Life reunion*.



Weather In Eyes

July 2006

Yangshuo, Guangxi, China

There is *weather in eyes*.
You can see mood change.
Eyes actually create their own weather.
Climate is a life-time.
Imagination clouds play in the rain.
Sometimes overcast.
Sometimes sunny, but not too humid.
Runny - Sunny
rain.
Light showers.
Steamy tropics
(*when in **that** mood*).
Cold when upset.
Hot when "set".



Daylight By The Stream
December 2001
Adelaide, South Australia, Australia

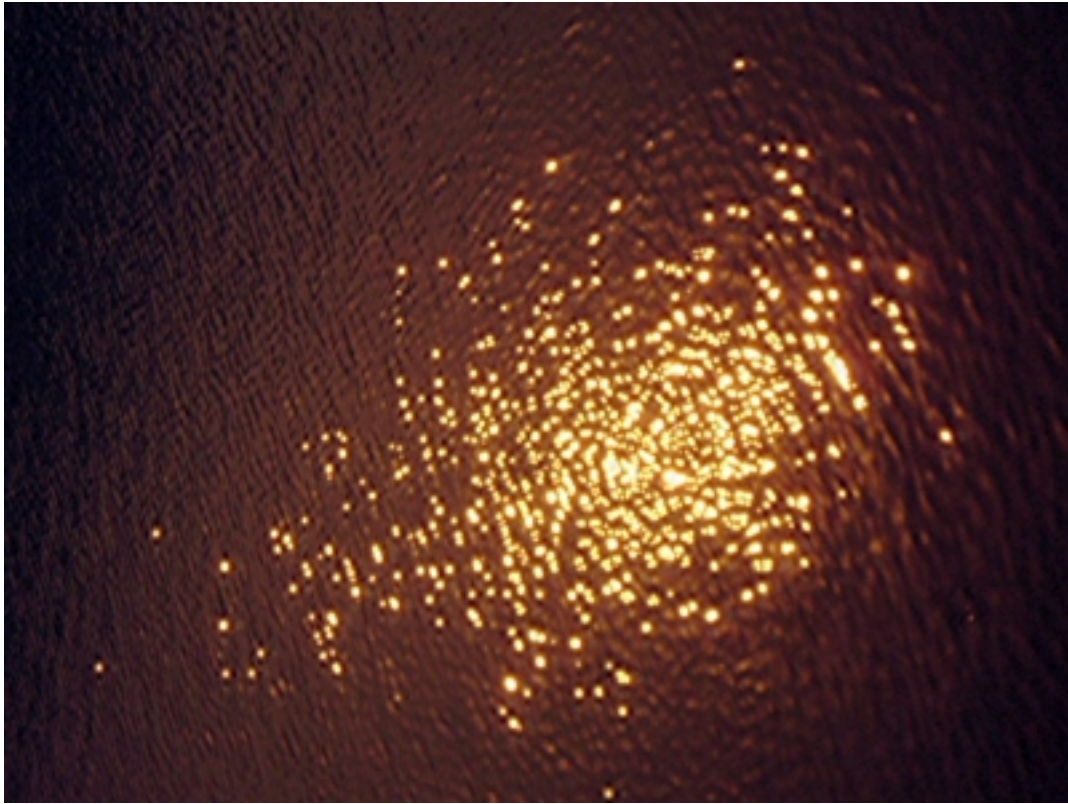
Might not be forever,
but might
be strong
(a long time).
Daylight by the stream.
Since it is oblivious,
maybe it
will be.



Loving Friends
February 1997
Ocala, Florida, USA

We are the minnows
that swam to the window
of the glass jar.

As we lionized the chronic dirge
dried peacefully as dry death exalts
and repressive scum tar.



Mid-Way Open Are Knoll Lullabies For The Sun

December 2003
Luang Prabang, Laos

Mid-Way open are
seeing corners of an entire shape.
At these eyes.
Light gets inside.

Look a round sun;
is anyone around?
Vital for fate.
A moment touched off.
Impractical to stay,
but I would not leave without these memories.

An intimate color;
you can not stop.

Ancient morning roundabout.
A glance - A,

slice shimmers cloud; is the sun.

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Blanketamine

October 2000

Los Angeles, California, USA

Converge among the sun and moon.
Face adjacent to nearby mountains.

Ivy coated bed.

Tall bed.

Spacious windows.

Ketamine. Ketamine. Ketamine.



Pass By Ditto

May 2003

Mae Hong Son, Thailand

Eyes of a hodge podge;
even delightful.

Pass by ditto.

Are these seen into insight?
Or just a moment caught on beauty?



August Sound

November 2000

Los Angeles, California, USA

In our stretched arms
which are lit-like the dark.
Wonder - Wandering.

We made her bare
her wisdom of youth.
Because the age she reached
held inside of truth.

Shake - Shake.
We both go down.
August Sound.



Woe

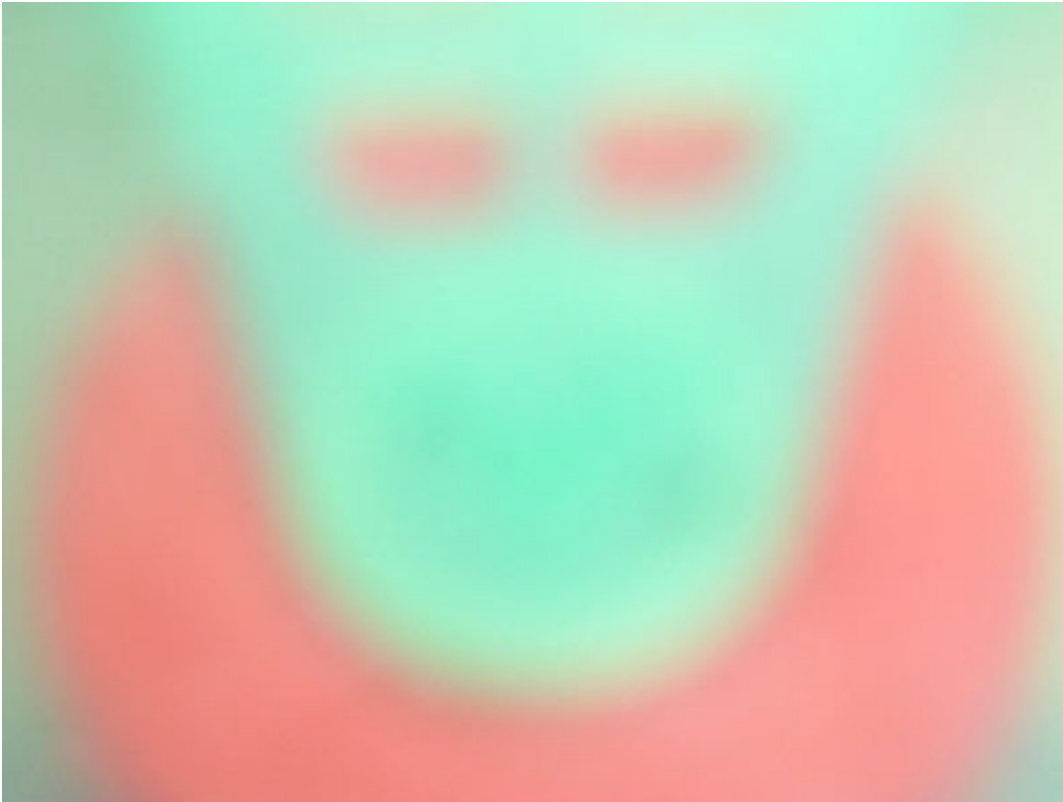
September 2000
Los Angeles, California, USA

A raisin taste of grape seeds.
Eyebrows fade from skin creased.

See the light gone destiny?
The light of a goner.

She wears her gear; benevolence.
She places feet to grooves in metal fences.

Like *woe*, it is never too late when you still have time.



Saguaro

August 1998
Ocala, Florida, USA

Unreleased.
Unresolved.
Unresolved.
My conflicts are
the humoring limit.
Contained; unresolved.
So - So.
So, what?
Blunt of notion.



Drunk Asunder Part Three

August 1998
Ocala, Florida, USA

Tip-toe target traction.
Bliss lost bottom on the town streets.
They tell that you were born from a "*conceived idea*".
Blah! "*Everything*" comes from a need.
Sovereignty.
Peace that
with his kind eyes he asks for my favor.
No more;
less.
"*Kiss me*".

I have not any anger (<- *done in anger*).
I have apathy; wanna see?
You are dirty in your sunlight; it is sunlight that I see.



A Place That Begins With I

Portland, Oregon

March, 2006

Early in the morning,
I am cold whether or not you are here.
Because “*here*” is a strange place with cold weather.
We went in and now we are having to come out.
Linking to each other in a virtual way.
Links from one home to another.
A place that begins with I. Surprise!
Since we are no longer in “*the village*” from our traditional days.
Comfortable sharing.
Transparent lives.
Translucent lives.
Yup, that is us.



Every Couple Paces

October 2004
Bangkok, Thailand

Marriage within destiny.
Every couple paces.
Shut-Up in air conditions;
more corridors held by an act of “everything”.

In through outer course;
love is through windows first.

Every couple paces. Indeed to each deed.
Dreaming of chiseling rare gems
out of an air of men and women.



From Ace To Zed

May 2006
Krabi, Thailand

Are the meanings of life
facts or merely opinions?
Consider the many lives
we know
and do not know... yet.
From ace to zed.
I have had a dream that I will die;
never live again.
As the lifeless matter does
not matter now.



Is It In Your Eyes?

June 1996
Ocala, Florida, USA

Is it in your eyes?
Self-Discipline kicks in.
Self-Destruction joins.
The “astro gate” begins.

Welcome...
Is it in your eyes?

Begin revealing.
The sharp revelation.
The barge of sabotage.
Is it in your eyes? But
me sweet dinner eyes!

Repeat nonchalant.
That is me. That is me;
with me and influences!

Pondering around a pinnacle
is a coward.

Is it in your eyes?

Smile looking onto smile,
causing eyes looking into eyes.

A collectible smile.
Disgusted;
towards the best.

Petty - Petty - Thus
Kathy Cove, Rush, and Stephanie:
To be worried do not be free. To be free do not worry.

Attention summon to all willpower in your firepower eyes.
Your trouble behind, though they are not far behind. To lunge into bed
with
us!

Of cold wars and warm naps in your warm and warmest beds with pups and
kittens and
enticing ice cube trappings,
plus our own "*childness*" melting! Put yourself in front for fear of flying
objects.
This is
easier said than done. Stephanie, Mrs. Starbird!
Take flight like a "*free bird*"!

Is it in your eyes?



Tornadoing Skies

January 2006
Portland, Oregon, USA

Spot - Spotlight.
Dancing for music for fun.
Just to "get some".
"Tornadoing" skies.



Explore Fuzz

June, 2006

Yangshuo, Guangxi, China

Undo lights.
We are inside.
Angel in plainness.

Explore Fuzz. Really explore it.

Movement is special.
We are in motion.
Eyes wander wonder.
Seeing lights.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Shaun Jason Apple

*"You can build a house out of your mind
with the right principles that can be used as structure."*

"...connections on your offers..."

"Who I am" has been defined by places both inside and outside of the United States of America. I was born in Ocala, Florida. When I was a kid, I had a golden retriever named Lady. She was my best friend. My parents had split when I was around age 12. I was sent to a children's home near Deltona, Florida and later on a foster home in Ocala due to problems at home. In a nutshell, I would say I was a suburban kid in central Florida.

My foster parents were black. The foster home where I lived was on the outskirts of Ocala. A lot of roads were dirt, dust, and sand that blew away. Already I had my first car which was named "The Lemon". In Ocala, on the weekends there were bands playing death metal, ska, hip-hop, and alternative rock music at a local concert hall. Most of the time, I crashed at an "open" house hanging out with best friends - Whores, artists, and "psychonauts". I did not know who paid for our house. I brought food for the house cats. I drove overnight regularly between Ocala and Deltona to visit friends from my teen years.

I moved to Daytona Beach, Florida on a whim with friends from that house. My roommate physically abused his girlfriend. I counseled my roommate's girlfriend. I dropped ecstasy for the first time with my co-workers. They were people who thought they were vampires. My best friend at the time was a hot lesbian. I decided to move to my own rental beach cottage. I can recall the joyous feeling of using paid vacation days to go body surfing in the Atlantic Ocean. I lost my spectacles in the sea. I can still feel the waves in my sleep. I decided to lose my \$600 deposit on the cottage in order to move to an apartment block four blocks away. *"I rented a two bedroom apartment in a very grubby apartment complex. At least the new place was near my recreational drug friends and my gay friends"*, says Shaun. During major hurricanes I would go out on the beach to feel the strong winds in my face. I started going to wild rave parties with Internet friends.

My poetry is everywhere that I have ever wrote. Each poem I wrote helped to highlight an adventure of mine, display an idea, and made me to think out loud. In 1999, I did not have every minute to devote to poetry any longer. By 1999, I was already addicted to the Internet.

On a whim in 1999, I moved to California at the request of friends on the Internet. I continued the tradition of going to parties, in California, which included throwing some infamous house-parties. I got involved with teaching people how to safely use recreational drugs, E.G: *"Harm reduction / Harm minimization"*. I became a moderator and an administrator for several years on the informational and social [Bluelight web site](#).

I worked for a year in Los Angeles before my journey began overseas to The Fiji Islands and Australia. I wrote a dozen poems in a V.W bus on a week long trek across Australia from Melbourne to Perth. Four months later, I went for a second time to The Fiji Islands. I was in love with the country, people, and one person in particular. I lived with families in villages all across the remote islands of Fiji. There on a daily basis I saw the absolutely most beautiful rainbows, sunsets, sun-risings, and deserted white / black / red sand beaches and traditional ways of life that revolved around family. During the day I chopped coconuts, harvested taro, taught groups of young girls the game of basketball, and volunteered with an Australian based medical outreach program.

In 2002, I waved goodbye to Fiji to return to the United States. I got invited to work as a caregiver in Seattle, Washington for a summer after I posted on the Internet. My next move after the summer was to Vancouver Island in British Columbia, Canada for six months. Vancouver Island is a majestic place covered with stormy beaches, hippies, sprawling rain forest, quaint / interesting towns, and an astute capital city. I spent the winter of 2002 in the Canadian Rockies watching the *"northern lights"* in the sky.

I did a *"driveaway"* road trip from Portland, Oregon through the states Idaho, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and California stopping everywhere nice along the way in early 2003. I was then based in northern California leading groups of European tourists around on *"treks"* with an outdoor trekking outfit for the summer of 2003. One trip involved driving from San Francisco to Anchorage, Alaska (3,307.59 miles) in only a few days! By fate, I *"discovered"* San Francisco, which is the place that I still like to refer to as my *"first home"*. Proudly I protested against the *"War In Iraq"* and *"got down"* to block parties in the streets. In towns north of San Francisco I started to take a keen interest in growing organic foods.

I decided to “*find*” myself again overseas in Asia after a close friend suggested that I was “*meant to be in Thailand*” and that Thais are “*sweet and sincere*”. I flew to south-east Asia in the later part of 2003. I taught English for an EU Micro-Project Development Through Local Communities (MPDLC) project at a rural village in Laos. The classroom was “*basic*” and the village located between Thailand and Vietnam. I ended up here because fatefully a bus broke down. The next year in central Thailand I volunteered with Hmong refugees at a Thai temple. I resided in Thailand for three years, excluding stints to India, Laos, Myanmar, Cambodia, Malaysia, and Singapore.

In India, I was able to immerse myself for six months in the birthplaces for the Buddhist, Sikh, and Hindu religions. I stayed at ashrams along the path. Being able to visit ancient towns, ruins, and cities in India is incredible! The highlight of India for me was that I traveled across the Himalayas by bus from Manali. On the other side of the Himalayas is the district of Ladakh in Kashmir state where many Tibetan people live. Many connections were made there. “*India is a place that really makes you think. Every day I felt like I saw something new and different. I think the insight gained is even greater in retrospect*”, reports Shaun.

I returned to Thailand in September of 2004. I worked as a teacher in Bangkok, Thailand for two years. I taught various subjects like English, Math, Science, P.E, and Computer classes for many different age groups. I relocated to Portland, Oregon from Thailand in late 2005. Portland feels like a “*second home*” in America.

“*I make a deep connection and I write poetry. That is what I do for a living*”, Shaun outspokenly concludes. “*Sometimes forced. Sometimes found.*”

ABOUT *EONS IN A MOMENT*

"Eons In A Moment" is where memories go before they die. Longing to be together again like long-lost friends. Forever with her. Always in love. *"That is me. That is me. That is me; with me and influences!"* Eons can be read in a moment. The poems in *"Eons In A Moment"* are simple literary landscapes which evoke a variety of feelings.

- Imagine that reading each poem is a bit like eating popcorn. Inside each piece of freshly popped popcorn is like absorbing the contents of an entire eon.
- See through step-by-step examples how stylish words are attached to eons.
- Break-down and analyze the laws of poetry, in which moments are pieces, and pieces of eons are quite deliciously readable for the heart, body, mind, and soul.
- Come closer to fully understanding eons; those mysterious puzzles of our universe.

Selected Poems From *"Eons In A Moment"*:

- *"Of Early Conversations"* - Fictional conversation spoken by two people from a remote part of the country Laos.
- *"Flat Girl Elevator Rap"* - A real rap song that I wrote when I was bored at community college. The title was chosen when I watched a girl walk out of an elevator at the resort where I worked before.
- *"Black Sandy Beach"* - Penned while I was meditating and concentrating on an actual black sandy beach near a small village where I lived in The Fiji Islands.
- *"Amelia"* - About the girl who I would have married, if only I would have bought a whale tooth for her family in The Fiji Islands.
- *"Anna Nadia"* - Anna (*not her real name*) was a European girl who visited San Francisco in the summer of 2003.
- *"Peace, Love, Diversity"* - Written as a rebuttal to cultural rules towards a foreigner being able to marry a local in one Vietnamese village.
- *"Stephanie / Spliced"* - Inspired by Stephanie who was when of my best friends when I was 17 years old. Stephanie lived in a trailer park about two miles from my house in my home town in Florida. I would ride my bicycle to her house every day for a period of a few months. Stephanie herself was addicted to heroin, pregnant, and chose a physically abusive boyfriend. *"Stephanie / Spliced"* was written while stuck at *"in school suspension"* at my high school.
- *"Is It In Your Eyes?"* - I still recall that it felt like *"compact love colliding in an expanded universe"* when I reread this poem after creating it. I penned this poem, along with *Kathy Cove* to music using my little amateur keyboard. There are two songs attached with these poems that I would love to have the chance to play for you.

NOTES



Poetry Memes – “*Pop Shakespearean*” – Experimental Poetry